The Town Inventor

By HAROLD CARTER

If Eph Knight had come back a rich man it is probable that Lausanne would have seen its first lynching. But Eph came back a tired, wornout man of forty-three, stone-poor; and before Lausanne knew that he was in town again he had taken a mechanic's job in the auto factory which is all that keeps Lausanne's population up to the five thousand mark.

His disappearance had not been so sensational as his return. He was living at the hotel and flinging money around. Everybody knew Eph; he had been born on a farm and had flown kites and made flying machines in the days when Langley was a national jest. He had been on the verge of success, however, at last. A company—the Knight company—had been formed to exploit the new flying machine which the Wrights were soon to consign to the scrap heap. All Lausanne had gone crazy over his dream. The Widow Gill, whose daughter, Polly, Eph had been courting, invested twelve hundred dollars in the concern. Then the Wrights took out their patent and Eph's company turned turtle.

"Keep the stock; it will be valuable some day," Knight had told Mrs. Gill. And it still repcsed, forgotten, among a number of papers—her insurance endowment, the title to the farm, etc., in the safety-deposit box that the Widow Gill held at the local bank. But Knight

This Time He Was Devising a New Torpedo.

had fled, while his worthless stock went tumbling about his ears.

That was eight years before, and Polly had grown from a beautiful girl to a disappointed spinster of considerably more than thirty. Nobody expected Polly to marry, although she had had suitors before Knight put in his appearance. But nobody dreamed that Knight was still the knight of her heart, and that she repeated his words to herself every evening:

"I'll be true to you, Polly, however long I'm gone. And I'll come for you some day, never doubt me, dear."

Then Knight had come back, to board at the Widow Gill's, instead of at the hotel. At first the people of Lausanne evidenced sullen antipathy. Some still held Knight's rotten scrip; a few had unloaded theirs upon credulous neighbors. But the Widow Gill had forgiven him.

"It ain't Eph's fault," she would explain. "He couldn't know the Wrights would get out their patent ahead of him like that."

Something about her tone made folks prick up their ears. Surely it wasn't possible, but it was! Eph Knight was courting Polly Gill again—he, the twelve-dollar mechanic, and she the seven-dollar stenographer. And the old maid look was being ironed out of the face of this woman of thirty-four, and Eph Knight stepped down the street beside her like a young man again.

There was no doubt of it. They were to be married some day—some day, when Eph's dreams came true. But Eph wouldn't hear of his wife working, and twelve dollars cut no ice even in Lausanne. Worst of all, Eph still had those invention ideas swarming in his head. He didn't stay long at work. As soon as he had saved a hundred dollars he put up a shed and started on his models. This time he was devising a new torpedo. A hundred dollars, with board to meet, doesn't go far in making torpedoes.

Eph became raggeder and more unkempt. It was seen that he would never be able to take care of Polly. Only the girl and her mother believed in him at all, and he was getting behind in his board. The chances of marriage were more and more remote. People spoke indignantly of the fellow.

Then the war broke out, and Eph's torpedo was nearly completed. He had the plans drawn, and off he went to Washington, to submit them to the patent office. He found that he would have to prove they were workable and returned to the factory. He was refused permission to experiment there—it was the busy season.

Nobody in Lausanne would help Eph, even if he had wanted to be helped. Jim Carew set the pace, and he was bitter against Eph. Carew had turned Eph's invention into a company concern, and he was loaded down to the heels with the worthless stock. Eph wanted Polly badly; he humbled himself to go to the magnate and ask for work as—his chauffeur!

"Your man's left, I hear," Eph began.

"You want the job," said Carew, and a devilish clever thought came to him. "How would twenty-five a week suit you?" he asked.

"Finely," said Eph.

"I'll take you, then. And I'll pay you twenty-five—in the Knight company stock."

Eph never blinked. "That suits me," he answered. And he went to work.

The Knight company, insolvent as ever, made steel castings in a small way, and the twenty-five dollar shares were still to be had, if anyone wanted them, at about three dollars apiece. The widow had fifty. Carew held forty thousand, and every Saturday one was unloaded on Eph. After a couple of months the magnate grew reckless.

"I'll raise you to a hundred," he said. That meant about twelve dollars a week to Eph. Actually, Carew was afraid of losing a good chauffeur. "I'll make it two hundred," he said a little later. "Pretty good salary for a chauffeur?"

"Yes, sir," said Eph.

Eight shares a week passed into Eph's pocket, or twenty-five dollars at the actual Knight prices. In six months he held something over two hundred shares, representing a capital of $600. Polly was jubilant. He had spoken of marrying her.

One Saturday Carew said, "I'll buy back those shares at five apiece, Eph. I hear the company's doing a little business. I understand you haven't cashed in on them."

"I'm going to hold them, sir," said Eph. "I'm going to sell them my torpedo and, when they start manufacturing, the shares will be worth the old price, and something more."

"Well, I'll pay you cash in future," grumbled Carew.

"There won't be any future," answered Eph. "I'm going to leave you tomorrow, Mr. Carew."

He did, and the bans were put up in church, while Eph went back to the shed and invested everything in a forge and torpedo metal. Folks pitied Polly now. They spoke more harshly of Eph than ever. He had sold his stock at six, and it was rising, rising.

It became twelve, twenty, fifty. The war boom broke with a vengeance. It rose to ninety. It touched a hundred. There was a wild flurry to sell. Everyone sold except the Widow Gill, whose five thousand dollars' worth remained in the bank vaults. People alternately cursed and praised Eph, according as they had won or lost.

"It'll touch two hundred," said Eph, when the slump followed. Only Knight stocks held steady. Nobody understood.

Not till Eph and Polly, both radiantly happy, had started on their honeymoon. Then the papers were full of the news. The Knight company—Eph Knight, president, had the exclusive right to manufacture the new torpedo for the allied governments. And Eph, who had sold at six, held fifty thousand shares, new shares, at two hundred!

"Welcome home!" said the triumphal banner under which the honeymooners rode on their return journey.

But when the mobs had dispersed Polly sat beside Eph, radiantly happy, in the old woodshed, while the inventor, lost in thought worked on his improved aeroplane engine.

KILLING ANTS WITH CANNON

Only Way Known to Kill Off Destructive Little Warrior Insects Common to South Africa.

It is hard to imagine big guns killing anything except men and horses. In South Africa and other tropical counties, however, they are used to kill ants—the termites, or warrior ants. These ants are highly organized. They live in a republic of their own, and are divided into classes of workmen, soldiers and queens.

The workmen construct the huge nests, the soldiers defend them and keep order, and the females, or queens, are cared for by all the others.

The ant heaps of these particular ants are often twenty feet high and pyramidal in shape. Cattle climb upon them without crushing them. A dozen men can find shelter in some of their chambers, and native hunters often lie in wait inside them when out after wild animals—after the nests have been deserted, of course.

The ants construct galleries which are as wide as the bore of a large cannon, and which run three or four feet underground. If we built houses as big in proportion, a workingman would live in a dwelling as big as a pyramid of Egypt.

These ants are frightfully destructive, and the only way to kill them off is to blow them and their nests to pieces with guns loaded with grape shot.

Needed.

A woman who had had four stalwart soldiers billeted on her endeavored to use as little butcher meat as possible. Day after day there was served up at dinnertime a scanty meal, the chief item of which was tea.

"Ah," she said one day, pointing to a tea-leaf floating in one of the cups, "there's to be a visitor today!"

"Well, madam," said one of the hungry four, "let us hope it's the butcher!"

First Real British Census.

The first real census of Great Britain and Ireland was taken in 1801, when the population of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland was found to be 15,717,287. Food prices were then regulated by parliamentary enactment and "forestallers," or speculators in provisions, were severely punished by imprisonment. After the close of the Waterloo campaign prices receded to almost former rates and the British people were again happy.

Gleaned From the Visiting Nurse.

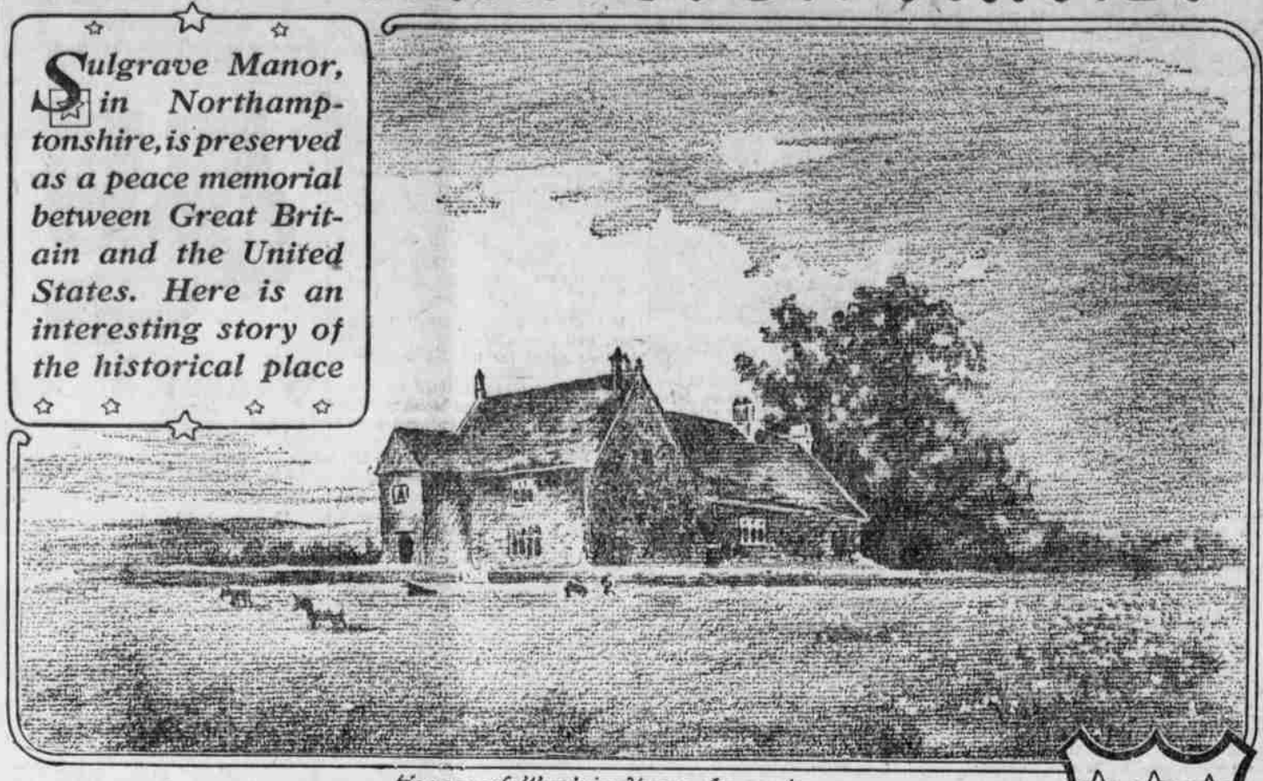
In order to keep your hands from being parboiled when you have to provide hot compresses for the invalid, run two long wooden rods into slots stitched in the ends of the flannel or linen compresses. Rest these sticks on the top of the pan of boiling water and when it is time to apply the compress it is easily wrung by twisting the sticks in opposite directions.

Getting a Start.

He had just taken his first cold bath. "Now," said he to himself, "I must go downtown and brag about the cold bath I take every morning."

AT THE ENGLISH HOME OF THE WASHINGTON FAMILY

Sulgrave Manor, in Northamptonshire, is preserved as a peace memorial between Great Britain and the United States. Here is an interesting story of the historical place



Home of Washington's Ancestors

IN a quiet, rural neighborhood, where the farmhouses are quaint, and antiquated, stands Sulgrave Manor, the one-time English home of the Washington family. The manor never really saw George Washington or his father, or even his grandfather, but the Washington family possessed and occupied it during most of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is still possible to distinguish over the main entrance to the old building the heraldic device of stars and stripes which Washington accepted as his own coat of arms, and which is commonly regarded as the origin of the American flag.

In the summer of 1911 the suggestion was made by a prominent member of the British Peace committee that the historical property should be purchased and dedicated as a memorial to the peaceful relations existing between the two countries during the past century, the dedication to be one of the features of the international celebrations in 1914. This idea immediately met with popular favor. The British committee acquired the property, and dedicated it to peace between England and the United States.

The manor has been made into a Hall of Records, where matter pertaining to Anglo-American unity is kept. It is understood that a lecture chair soon will be supplied by the purchasers and that James Bryce, ex-ambassador to the United States, will be its first occupant.

Charming Old Place.

The manor is a charming piece of old architecture, gray with the rains, frost and sunshine of 300 years. The house stands at the eastern extremity of the village of Sulgrave, in Northamptonshire, and it is approached from the west by a pretty green croft, separated from the almost encircling road by a hedge.

To the right of the gable end of the manor is a low stone wall with a larch gate, facing a small court, partly paved and partly in grass. From the courtyard the house is entered by a handsome old stone doorway, above which a little attic projects from a tiled roof. The fine old Tudor doorway is surmounted by a shield containing the Washington coat of arms, which three centuries have somewhat robbed of its original sharpness, but which is still unmistakable.

What a fortune had that shield of a private English gentleman—to become the most notable blazon of all the world! Strange to think that this little obscure stone coat of arms in a secluded Northamptonshire village should be the original of so much—should still be extant. As strange to think of the contrast between the torpid and monotonous rustic life surrounding it for so many generations with the rush and roar of existence in our great republic.

There is very little doubt that the three stars and the three stripes furnished the idea for the American flag. In the flag, as in the original, the stars signify divine influence guiding the bearer in the right way, while the bars denote one who sets the bar of conscience and religion against wicked temptations and evil desires. The colors, red and white, seem to follow also; the red meaning military bravery and fortitude; the white peace and sincerity.

Tradition attributes the suggestion to Benjamin Franklin. Tupper is probably right when, in his "Centennial Drama," he makes Franklin say:

. . . I proposed it to the congress.
It was the leaders old crusading blazon,
Washington's coat, his own heraldic shield.
And on the spur, when we must choose a flag
Symboling independent unity,
We and not he—all was unknown to him—
Took up his coat of arms and multiplied
And magnified it, in every way to this
Our glorious national banner.

He adds, also, some allusions to the old mansion:

. . . The Washingtons, of Wassyngton,
In County Durham, and on Sulgrave Manor,
County Northampton, bore upon their shield
Three stars atop . . .
and for the crest
An eagle's head upspringing to the light,
The architraves of Sulgrave testify,
As sundry printed windows in the hall
At Wessyngton, this was their family coat.
And at Mount Vernon I myself have noted
An old cast-iron, scutcheoned chimney-back
Charged with that heraldry.

The old building is in an excellent state of preservation. The main hall has a fine fireplace and an oak beam ceiling. The ancient oak staircase has very beguiling twisted banisters and a fascinating secret cupboard at the intermediate landing. The drawing room is on the second floor, as was the custom in the days when it was built, and in one of the bedrooms it is said that Queen Elizabeth once slept.

The estate surrounding Sulgrave manor consists of about two hundred acres of gently rolling land, substantially all of it in full view of the manor. The ownership carries with it the lordship of the manor, "with the Rights, Royalities, Privileges and Appurtenances thereto belonging," and is subject to "a fee farm rent of 11s 5d ($2.84) per annum."

Sulgrave Manor is the place in England most closely associated with the name of Washington, and yet it is true that George Washington himself attached little importance to this fact. In the early days of the American republic, ancestry was despised much more than is now the case. In 1788 George Washington refused to accept the dedication of a book on heraldry because a portion of the community were:

"Clamorously endeavoring to propogate an idea that those whom they wished invidiously to designate by the name 'well-born' were meditating in the first instance to distinguish themselves from their compatriots and to wrest the dearest privileges from the bulk of the people."

But the ability to trace one's ancestors has a greater value in this country today than it had in the days of the first president. Washington knew very little about his own forefathers. When he was asked about them by the Garter King-of-Arms, he said the first of his family in Virginia had come from one of the northern counties in England, possibly Yorkshire or Lancashire, or even farther north. Later there was considerable disputation about the root of the family tree from which he was descended, and it was finally agreed by genealogists that the Washingtons of Sulgrave and Brighton did actually spring from the Washingtons in Warton, Lancashire, a place on the Westmoreland border.

Several generations of Washingtons of Warton are recorded, and one of these was the father of Laurence Washington, mayor of Northampton in 1532 and 1545. He seems to have taken up his residence at Sulgrave, though members of his family continued to remain at Warton for several generations. This Laurence Washington had for mother the daughter of Robert Kytson of Hengrave in Suffolk. This proved a matter of very considerable importance in their history, because it brought them into connection with the Spencers of Althrop and Wormleighton, through the marriage of Sir Thomas Kytson's daughter, Catherine, to Sir John Spencer of Wormleighton, whose grandson, Sir Robert Spencer, was created Baron Spencer of Wormleighton in 1603.

In the process of time the Washingtons of Sulgrave appear to have got into financial difficulties. Laurence Washington entered the wool trade, perhaps induced to do so by the fact that Lord Spencer was one of the great flock-masters of his day. This Laurence acquired considerable riches in the wool trade. In 1539 he became possessed of the Manor of Sulgrave for the sum of three hundred and twenty-one pounds, fourteen shillings, and subsequently he purchased additional property.

Sundial With Washington Arms.

He had many sons, of whom the oldest was Robert, the ancestor of George Washington. He succeeded his father in 1585, when he was of the age of forty, but he does not seem to have been so prosperous as his father. Yet it appears that he was able to send both his sons, Christopher and William, to Oriel college, Oxford, where they were in 1588, the year of the great armada. Robert's oldest was named Laurence, probably after the mayor of Northampton, and in 1610 Robert, in agreement with his son, agreed to sell Sulgrave to their cousin, Laurence Makepeace. The second Laurence Washington then removed to Brington, near Northampton, his father perhaps going with him, though the latter was buried in the family vault at Sulgrave. Laurence Washington had seventeen children, two of whom rose to high positions and were knighted—Sir William Washington of Packington in 1622 and Sir John Washington of Thrapston in 1623.

The Washington Shield

The old church of St. Mary's, where the Washington family worshiped for years, is near the old manor, and is in a good state of preservation. It forms a point of considerable interest containing, as it does, three memorial brasses on the gray stone slab put down in memory of Laurence Washington and his family. These brasses consist of Laurence Washington's effigy, a shield bearing the Washington arms, and the following inscription:

"Here lyeth buried ye bodys of Laurence Washingto, Gent, & Anne his wyf by whom he had issue iiij sons and ij daughts wo laurence Dyed ye . . . day . . . ano 15 . . . & Anne Deceased the vj of October ano Dni 1564."

Apparently Laurence Washington, great-great-great-grandfather of George Washington, devised this monument as a memorial to his wife, leaving the date of his own death blank to be filled in after his death. This, however, has never been done.

Two other records of the Washingtons are found in the village of Brington. In this little township, not far distant from Northampton, stands the house to which the family moved from Sulgrave. It was in this house that Robert Washington died in 1622, and in the yard, engraved upon a sundial, is found the Washington coat of arms.

In the Church of All Saints, near at hand, where Robert Washington is buried, an inscripton reads as follows:

"Here lies interred ye bodies of Elizab Washington, widowe, who changed this life for immortalitie ye 19th day of March, 1622. As also ye body of Robert Washington, Gent., her late husband second sonne of Robert Washington of Solgrave in ye County of North, Esqr., who depted this life ye 10th of March, 1622, after they lived lovingly together."

Laurence Washington, grandson of the Laurence of Sulgrave, died in 1616, and is also buried here.

Unfortunately little of the village of Sulgrave as it was in the days of the Washingtons now remains. A disastrous fire in 1675 swept the village, and only a relic may be seen here and there in an ancient house. Most of the streets are set with neat brick houses. Coming toward the Church of All Saints, one might fancy oneself in the business center of some minor New England city, but with rather less of glare and noise, and the community held in a certain abeyance by the presence of the old church.

In dedicating the manor as a memorial to the peaceful relations existing between the two great English-speaking nations during a century, the British committee has created a permanent memorial of permanent interest.

First to Die for Liberty

It would be difficult to say who was the first man killed in the Revolutionary war. The spirit of revolt prevailed and some collisions between the people and British soldiers occurred before the war actually began. The battle of Concord occurred more than a year before the Declaration of Independence, but there was bloodshed before the battle of Concord. One of the earliest of these collisions was the so-called Boston massacre, March 5, 1770, in which British soldiers fired upon citizens, killing three and wounding eight. The first to fall in this affray was Crispus Attucks, a mulatto. The first man killed in the battle of Concord, April 19, 1775, was Capt. Isaac Davis of the Massachusetts "minute men." In the battle of Concord the Americans lost 93 killed, wounded and missing, but no complete list of names was preserved.

Kindliness is the true wealth of the mind and I beg you to keep it in your heart as a priceless treasure.—Giusti.

WASHINGTON'S APPEAL TO GOD

One day a Quaker farmer was passing through the winter woods near Valley Forge at twilight. Suddenly he heard a voice, and, following the sound, he came upon Commander Washington upon his knees in the snow, his cheeks wet, his voice pleading brokenly for his country and his people. The farmer returned to his home, his eyes dark and solemn with conviction.

"George Washington will succeed," he told his wife; "George Washington will succeed. The Americans will secure their independence!"

"What makes thee think so, Isaac?" mildly inquired his wife.

"I have heard him pray, Hannah, out in the woods today, and the Lord will surely hear his prayer. He will, Hannah; thee may rest assured he will."

And he did.

First President's High Character.

It was always known by his friends, and it was soon acknowledged by the whole nation, and by the English themselves, that in Washington America had found a leader who could be induced by no earthly motive to tell a falsehood or to break an engagement or to commit any dishonorable act.

Men of this moral type are happily not rare, and we have all met them in our experience; but there is scarcely another instance in history of such a man having reached and maintained the highest position in the convulsions of civil war and of a great popular agitation.

Remedy in Religion.

One of the best alleviatives of nervousness, in addition to rest, and such remedies as expert medical advice may prescribe, is meditation on the promises of God, perhaps accompanied by audible repetition of the verses of Scripture, as they may occur to the mind.

HOME TOWN HELPS

HIS VISION OF FUTURE CITY

French Architect Sees Great Changes to Be Brought About in the Years to Come.

At a recent gathering of world-renowned architects Edouard Henard, architect for the city of Paris, presented a paper which included a number of novel suggestions as to the requirements in the city plan of the future. He predicted that public service within the next quarter of a century will include many details not yet even under consideration. Most of these are to be supplied by tube and provision for a perfect network of service tubes must be made in city planning. They would seriously interfere with present arrangements.

Vacuum cleaning may be one of these and it will require a pipe from every house for the pneumatic dust removal which will be regarded as an essential part of public health work. As the uses of cold air increase, other tubes will supply it to lower the temperature as desired and for the distribution of fresh air from the sea or the mountains. Mr. Henard emphasized the feasibility of this fresh air supply as a health measure, because of the fact that a meter of fresh air from a nearby street contained 6,000 disease germs, while the same amount from the mountains or the sea need contain almost none. As coal oil is largely used for fuel purposes in Paris and is productive of less smoke and dust than other fuels, he suggests the possibility of an oil pipe service for all residences similar to the gas pipes now in use.

The old idea that the street should be level with the ground may in future be considered erroneous. It should be sufficiently above the surface it is held, to give room for all these service utilities between it and the ground. The adjacent houses should have basement floors. The sidewalks and roadways should be built like continuous substantial bridges, which after proper construction, would not need to be meddled with except for repairs. They should be supported by walls of masonry parallel to the adjacent houses and on a level with the second story.

Such a plan would make the modern city street two storied, the upper part for pedestrians and light weight vehicles, the lower for service and heavy traffic. This arrangement has already been introduced in Chicago for traffic between the railway stations and certain private warehouses.

Re-enforced concrete roofs, Mr. Henard holds, will provide gardens and also landing places for the aeroplanes which will come into more general use. Garages and hangars will be available below the surface and great elevators will lift these machines from their subterranean quarters as desired.

The beginning of these innovations is said to be already in sight. At least one large American hotel has already provided a roof landing for aeroplanes. New York has now a public playground and garden built upon bridge trestling fifty feet from the ground.

BEST TREES FOR THE STREET

Selection Should by No Means Be Allowed to Be a Mere Matter of Haphazard.

As to the planting of street trees it is well before coming to any definite decision to study the special situation carefully and to consult a reliable nurseryman and then plant with a fixed determination to give each tree every possible chance to make good, which means protection from insects, giving water when needed, insisting that drivers do not leave their horses near the trees where they can gnaw the bark, and last but not least, seeing that the trees have an occasional pruning. The following is a list of the best standard street trees: Rock and Norway Maples, the foliage turning a rich gold and crimson in the autum; American Ash, which has beautiful compound foliage, dark green above and lighter beneath, and turns from green to yellow and then to a purplish tint in the autumn; English Elm, which is very ornamental and retains its leaves longer than any other variety in the autumn, but which should be protected by spraying from the gypsy moth and elm beetles; American Linden, which flowers in July, but as the blossoms are small the falling petals do not litter the ground; Ginkgo, a Japanese tree, growing to a height of some forty to sixty feet and robust enough to endure general city planting; Sycamore and Oriental Plane, the latter a rapid grower and singularly free from insects. The Blue Gum tree may be also added to the list in southern climates.

Many Mislaid Articles.

Protectors against rain seem to be the most easily forgotten impedimenta that the traveler carries. During a recent week 157 articles were left in trains of the Chicago & Northwestern railway. Of these, 34 were umbrellas and 15 were raincoats. These articles were probably carried by unusually forehanded travelers, but doubtless the clouds cleared off and the careful citizens became preoccupied in fair weather thoughts.

Truthful Debtor.

Broad—By the way, old man, do you remember borrowing ten dollars from me six months ago?

Short—Yes.

Broad—But you said you only wanted it for a short time.

Short—And I told the truth. I didn't keep it twenty minutes.

Appropriate.

"Our pastor asked me to get him a dog. What would you advise?"

"By all means get him a shepherd dog."